THE RAGGED LITTLE BOY.

He stood beneath the flaring lights,
His clothes were thin and old,
The wind upon the avenue
That night was piercing cold;
He tried to sell his papers,
But the people would not buy;
And while he shivered on the stones
A tear stood in his eye.

"What will you do when you're a man?"
A stranger kindly said;
The boy a moment seemed to smile,
And then he shook his head;
"I cannot tell you, sir," said he,
And brushed a tear away;
"But mother says she hopes that I
May rule this land some day."

A lady fair upon whose hand
A diamond flashed its light
A moment stopped before the lad
That cold and stormy night;
Her dainty fingers drew her purse,
And in his hand so cold
She dropped, with just her sweetest smile,
Some bright and shining gold.

"When you're a man what will you do?"
The wealthy lady cried;
"I'll pay you back a hundredfold,"
The little boy replied;
"One little room we call our home
Amid the shadows gray;
But mother says she hopes that I
May rule this land some day."

Beneath the starry flag that floats
With pride from sea to sea
A ragged coat is no disgrace,
For here all men are free;
The little boy who shivers, in
His garments old and poor,
May open, as the president,
Some day, the white house door.

We cannot cast the horoscope
Of every boy we meet
And jostle as we hasten down
The ever-crowded street;
For a mother's prayers are answered in
A region far away;
And he who wears a ragged coat
May rule our land some day.
—T. C. Harbaugh, in Ohio Farmer.

A DEAL IN OSTRICHES.

BY H. G. WELLS.

"Talking of the prices of birds, I've seen an ostrich that cost £300," said the taxidermist, recalling his youth of travel. "Three hundred pounds!"

He looked at me over his spectacles. "I've seen another that was refused at four!"

"No," he said, "it wasn't any fancy points. They was just plain ostriches. A little off color, too—owing to dietary. And there wasn't any particular restriction of the demand, either. You'd have thought five ostriches would have ruled cheap on an East Indiaman. But the point was, one of 'em had swallowed a diamond.

"The chap it got it off was Sir Mohini Padishah, a tremendous swell—a Piccadilly swell, you might say, up to the neck of him, and then an ugly black head and a whooping turban, with this diamond in it. The blessed bird pecked suddenly and had it, and when the chap made a fuss it realized it had done wrong, I suppose, and went and mixed itself with the others to preserve its incog. It all happened in a minute. I was among the first to arrive, and there was this heathen going over his gods, and two sailors and the man who had charge of the birds laughing fit to split. It was a rummy way of losing a jewel, come to think of it. The man in charge hadn't been about just at the moment, so that he didn't know which bird it was. Clean lost, you see. I didn't feel half sorry, to tell you the truth. The beggar had been swaggering over his blessed diamond ever since he came aboard.

"A thing like that goes from stem to stern of a ship in no time. Everyone was talking about it. Padishah went below to hide his feelings. At dinner—he pigged at a table by himself, him and two other Hindoos—the captain kind of jeered at him about it, and he got very excited. He turned round and talked into my ear. He would not buy the birds; he would have his diamond. He demanded his rights as a British subject. His diamond must be found. He was firm upon that. He would appeal to the house of lords. The man in charge of the birds was one of those wooden-headed chaps you can't get a new idea into anyway. He refused any proposal to interfere with the birds by way of medicine. His instructions were to feed them so-and-so and treat them so-and-so, and it was as much as his place was worth not to feed them so-and-so and treat them so-and-so. Padishah had wanted a stomach pump—though you can't do that to a bird, you know. This Padishah was full of bad law, like most of those blessed Bengalis, and talked of having a lien on the birds, and so forth. But an old boy, who said his son was a London barrister, argued that what a bird swallowed became ipso facto part of the bird, and that Padishah's only remedy lay in an action for damages, and even then it might be possible to show contributory negligence. He hadn't any right of way about an ostrich that didn't belong to him. That upset Padishah extremely, the more so as most of us expressed an opinion that that was the reasonable view. There wasn't any lawyer aboard to settle the matter, so we all talked pretty free. At last, after Aden, it appears that he came round to the general opinion, and went privately to the man in charge and made an offer for all five ostriches.

"The next morning there was a fine shindy at breakfast. The man hadn't any authority to deal with the birds, and nothing on earth would induce him to sell; but it seems he told Padishah that a Eurasian named Potter had already made him an offer, and on that Padishah denounced Potter before us all. But I think the most of us thought it rather smart of Potter, and I know that when Potter said that he'd wired at Aden to London to buy the birds, and would have an answer at Suez, I cursed pretty richly at a lost opportunity.

"At Suez, Padishah gave way to tears—actual wet tears—when Potter became the owner of the birds, and offered him 250 right off for the five, being more than 200 per cent. on what Potter had given. Potter said he'd be hanged if he parted with a feather of them—that he meant to kill them off one by one and find the diamond; but afterwards, thinking it over, he relented a little He was a gambling hound, was this Potter, a little queer at cards, and this kind of prize-packet business must have suited him down to the ground. Anyhow, he offered, for a lark, to sell the birds separately to separate people by auction at a starting price of £80 for a bird. But one of them, he said, he meant to keep for luck.

"You must understand this diamond was a valuable one—a little Jew chap a diamond merchant, who was with us, had put it at three or four thousand when Padishah had shown it to him—and this idea of an ostrich gamble caught on. Now it happened that I'd been having a few talks on general subjects with the man who looked after these ostriches, and quite incidentally he'd said one of the birds was ailing, and he fancied it had indigestion. It had one feather in its tail almost all white, by which I knew it, and so when, next day, the auction started with it, I capped Padishah's 85 by 90. I fancy I was a bit too sure and eager with my bid, and some of the others spotted the fact that I was in the know. And Padishah went for that particular bird like an irresponsible lunatic. At last the Jew diamond merchant got it for £175, and Padishah said £180 just after the hammer came down—so Potter declared. At any rate the Jew merchant secured it, and there and then he got a gun and shot it. Potter made a hades of a fuss because he said it would injure the sale of the other three, and Padishah, of course, behaved like an idiot; but all of us were very much excited. I can tell you I was precious glad when that dissection was over, and no diamond had turned up—precious glad. I'd gone to one-forty on that particular bird myself.

"The little Jew was like most Jews—he didn't make any great fuss over bad luck; but Potter declined to go on with the auction until it was understood that the goods could not be delivered until the sale was over. The little Jew wanted to argue that the case was exceptional, and as the discussion ran pretty even, the thing was postponed until the next morning. We had a lively dinner-table that evening, I can tell you, but in the end, Potter got his way, since it would stand to reason he would be safer if he stuck to all the birds, and that we owed him some consideration for his sportsman-like behavior. And the old gentleman whose son was a lawyer said he'd been thinking the thing over and that it was very doubtful if, when a bird had been opened and the diamond recovered, it ought not to be handed back to the proper owner. I remember I suggested it came under the laws of the treasure-trove—which was really the truth of the matter. There was a hot argument, and we settled it was certainly foolish to kill the bird on board the ship. Then the old gentleman, going at large through his legal talk, tried to make out the sale was a lottery and illegal, and appealed to the captain; but Potter said he sold the birds as ostriches. He didn't want to sell any diamonds, he said, and didn't offer that as an inducement. The three birds he put up, to the best of his knowledge and belief, did not contain a diamond. It was in the one he kept—so he hoped.

"Prices ruled high next day all the same. The fact that now there were four chances instead of five of course caused a rise. The blessed birds averaged two hundred and twenty-seven, and, oddly enough, this Padisha didn't secure one of 'em—not one. He made too much shindy, and when he ought to have been hiding he was talking about liens, and, besides, Potter was a bit down on him. One fell to a quiet little officer chap, another to the little Jew, and the third was syndicated by the engineers. And then Potter seemed suddenly sorry for having sold them, and said he'd flung away a clear £1,000, and that very likely he'd draw a blank, and that he always had been a fool; but when I went and had a bit of a talk to him, with the idea of getting him to hedge on his last chance, I found he'd already sold the bird he'd reserved to a political chap that was on board—a chap who'd been studying Indian morals and social questions in his vacation. That last was the £300 bird. Well, they landed three of the blessed creatures at Brindisi—though the old gentleman said it was a breach of the customs regulations—and Potter and Padishah landed too. The Hindoo seemed half mad as he saw his blessed diamond going this way and that, so to speak. He kept on saying he'd get an injunction—he had injunction on the brain—and giving his name and address to the chaps who'd bought the birds, so that they'd know where to send the diamond. None of them wanted his name and address and none of them would give their own. It was a fine row, I can tell you—on the platform. They all went off by different trains. I came on to Southampton, and there I saw the last of the birds, as I came ashore; it was the one the engineers bought, and it was standing up near the bridge, in a kind of crate, and looking as leggy and silly a setting for a valuable diamond as ever you saw—if it was a setting for a valuable diamond.

"How did it end? Oh! like that. Well—perhaps. Yes, there's one more thing that may throw light on it. A week or so after landing I was down Regent street doing a bit of shopping, and who should I see arm-in-arm and having a purple time of it but Padishah and Potter. If you come to think of it—

"Yes. I've thought that. Only, you see, there's no doubt the diamond was real. And Padishah was an eminent Hindoo. I've seen his name in the papers—often. But whether the bird swallowed the diamond certainly is another matter, as you say."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Submarine Telegraph Cables.

It takes 37 specially-constructed and equipped steamers to keep the submarine telegraph cables of the world in repair.

OLD-FASHIONED FISH DINNER.

When Properly Prepared It Is Exceedingly Palatable.

A fish dinner in New England farming lands meant in the old times a dinner where salt codfish was the chief dish. There are many places even near the coast where the preserved cod is generally preferred to the fresh fish. An amusing story to this effect was told by two New York gentlemen, who traced their descent proudly from the Mayflower. They visited Cape Cod to look up ancestral matters. Finding the hotel fare rather monotonous, they asked the landlord of the primitive little inn if he could not give them a little variety. "You must have delicious fish," one of the guests suggested, glancing at the sea near by. "Oh, yes," replied the landlord. "I will give you fish for breakfast," and he did. It was salt codfish "picked up" with eggs and milk.

The salt fish dinner calls for considerable care. The materials must be of the best. A dark, rich fish is preferred to one of the clear white curing. The only way to secure good salt codfish now is to buy it by the entire fish. It is then much nicer and cheaper, though it is a little more difficult to prepare in some ways than the "boneless" cod that comes packed in boxes. An entire fish was usually cooked at once for dinner in old England. Wash the fish carefully, remove any dark spots and let it soak over night. If winter root vegetables are served with it, wash them and put them in soak the night before in a pan by themselves. Potatoes, beets and onions were usually served with a codfish dinner and sometimes carrots.

Take care that the fish is put to soak in plenty of water, the skin side up; otherwise the salt will not soak out of it. The next day lift the fish out of the water and wash it well and lay it in a large kettle of cold water, still placing the skin side up. Let the water heat slowly until bubbles rise on the side of the kettle. Keep the fish at this temperature without once boiling. Boiling has the same effect on the albumen of the fish that it has on eggs—which we know are always toughened by long boiling. Cooking the fish slowly at a low temperature renders it tender, and the flesh then breaks into delicious flakes when touched with the fork.

The old-fashioned sauce served universally with this dinner was one of rich drawn butter, in which hard-boiled eggs chopped fine were stirred. Stir a heaping tablespoonful of flour in half a cupful of butter. Add slowly a cupful of boiling water. Put the sauce in a saucepan on the stove and bring it slowly to the point where it simmers, then add a little pepper. If the butter is sufficiently salted the sauce will not need salt. Have ready two fresh eggs that have been boiled for 20 minutes. Chop them fine and stir them into the drawn butter.

Sometimes pork scraps made of salt larding pork, cut in thin slices and fried brown in crisp little rolls, are served with a codfish dinner. Skin the fish before putting it on the table. See that it is served as soon as it is cooked. Let all the vegetables, as well as the fish, be served in perfection, and you will then understand why old New England farm wives took genuine pride in serving this dinner at its best.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE MOUTH WHEN ILL.

Should Be Frequently Cleansed and Refreshed.

When one is in good health the mouth needs no special care beyond that of ordinary cleanliness. Indeed, the secretions of the various glands located in it act as disinfectants and keep it sweet. But few, however are so healthy but they need to pay some attention to this organ, and when one is ill with any serious disease this becomes more and more necessary. One physician has found it advantageous to have patients suffering with fever chew occasionally some aromatic gum to stimulate the secretions of the mouth and wash out or destroy micro-organisms or fermentation going on there. Another has accomplished the same end by having the patient chew some splinters of fresh pine wood. Dr. Rosenfield gives quite full directions for cleansing the mouth under such circumstances. He says that "in children and very old persons, the less solid food taken, the greater should be the care with the mouth. They should rinse it out several times a day with lukewarm water containing a little common salt, tincture of myrrh or eau de cologne added to stimulate secretion. When there is a tendency to bleeding of the gums, or when the teeth are bad, a pinch of powdered boric acid may be twice daily rubbed in between the lips and gums. Patients with false teeth should remove them when they cannot take solid food.

"Patients with fever should have something to drink—cold water or weak lemonade—at least every hour. One must not wait till the patient asks for a drink. Besides preventing dryness, the fluid maintains the activity of the glands, and the whole function of the mucous membrane. Many patients are prevented from drinking by a painful, dry and cracked condition of the lips, and therefore all feverish patients should, from the commencement of their illness, have their lips rubbed several times a day with vaseline. In protracted cases of fever the mouth may also be swabbed out with oil or greatly diluted glycerin."—N. Y. Ledger.

Spanish Cream.

One-half ounce of gelatine into a quart of new milk, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, beaten with the yolks of four eggs. Put the milk on to heat; when boiling hot stir in gelatine and eggs, and stir continually as soon as it comes to a boil; take off and stir in the whites well-beaten, pour into deep glass dish and when firm and cold add whipped cream, sweetened to taste and flavored with sherry wine or vanilla. It ought to stand eight or ten hours. I always make it the day before I want to use it. —Philadelphia Press.

ALLIGATOR HUNTING IN STYLE.

A Silk Hat Worn by the Hunter Was Rudely Displaced.

W. H. Graffam, of Maiden, Mass., accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Stevens, of that city, who were making a sight-seeing tour through Florida, joined a hunting party of 14, bound on an alligator hunt down the Indian river.

A prize of $20 having been offered by one of the party to the hunter who should capture alive the largest alligator, made the hunt an interesting one.

Mr. Graffam, who has had considerable experience in alligator hunting, mentally resolved to win the prize. Firmly grasping his 15-foot handle gaff, he started off through the swamp with an air of determination. Although the day was a very warm one and he was clad, not in his traditional hunter's suit, but in his best "Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes," with a silk tile for headgear, he seemed entirely unconscious of the incongruity of his appearance as the "gator" hunter, and pressed on through the tall swamp grass, jumping over ditches and holes.

Suddenly he became aware that something was very much alive near his feet, while at the same time a hoarse growl and then a sound as of escaping steam and the braying of a donkey combined greeted his ear. The next instant the air was filled with flying mud and water and our valiant hunter found himself taking steps backward, with the water and mud to his waist, and his glossy silk tile floating along on the surface of the water directly in front of him.

After a few seconds of deliberation as to what had struck him, he espied his hat and pushed forward to rescue it.

About this time Mr. Alligator, the cause of all the commotion, who was lying concealed in the water and grass, also struck out for the hat, thinking, no doubt, that it was a young, black pig. This aroused the ardor of the sportsman, and blood was in Mr. Graffam's eye as, firmly grasping his gaff, he awaited the coming of the alligator. As the animal's huge jaws opened to swallow his prey, away went the gaff between them.

Then the fun began. Quickly jumping onto the hard ground, Mr. Graffam tugged away at the alligator, which resisted his captor by rolling over and over, hauling backward, lashing the water with his tail and cutting up many other antics not laid down in the manual of alligator tactics.

After an exciting fight of 20 minutes his 'gatorship was drawn out on the bank by the determined hunter, who called assistance, and his prize was securely bound and conveyed to the launch, where, upon arrival, he found that the other members of the party had secured five other alligators, all alive.

As the party arrived back at the hotel at 1:30 p. m., after an absence of four and one-half hours, it was not a bad morning's hunt.

Mr. Graffam's alligator was the biggest, measuring seven feet six inches and weighing about 350 pounds.

It is needless to add that the prize of $20 was awarded to Mr. Graffam, who, upon landing at the dock, immediately commenced a hunt for a tailor shop and a hat store, which are harder to find in that section than alligators.—Boston Herald.

METEOROLOGY IN INDIA.

Why the Natives Destroyed the Survey Pillars.

Letters from Bushire, on the Persian gulf, show that the Persians are not at all disposed to lay all the blame of the drought on Providence. Their want of fatalistic consideration has almost created an international incident. The agricultural population of the Bushire district, annoyed at the want of rain, turned their wrath upon the European telegraph department, and especially upon some landmarks which had been erected by Lieut. Cunningham, R. E., about two years ago, on account of the meteorological survey of India. To these obnoxious landmarks the deficient rainfall was ascribed. The superintendent of telegraphs, besieged in his office by a threatening mob, at once wired to the resident that affairs were critical and H. M. S. Sphinx and the steamer Lawrence were ordered at once to Bushire. Stimulated by this apparition, the governor dispatched troops with a gun against the rioters; but too late, alas, to save from destruction the casus belli, the survey pillars, the erection of which had so exasperated the heavenly powers. Strange to say, heavy rain fell in Bushire and the neighboring district on January 6, so that the people are convinced of the correctness of their suspicions and their action. The ring-leaders are less certain; for about 20 of them were soundly bastinadoed by the governor to impress upon them the fact that there is no advantage in propitiating the heavenly authorities unless the earthly powers have been also effectively "squared." — London Standard.

Turning Turf Into Coal.

Another plan for turning to account forces of nature as yet dimly understood is reported from Scandinavia, where a savant has discovered a method of converting turf into coal. The turf is placed in retorts and gradually heated to 250 degrees. The retorts are then closed and the temperature kept up for seven hours. The tar and gas products are thus retained in the coal mass to the extent of 80 per cent., and the resultant is said to contain 65 per cent. of carbon, 6 per cent. of hydrogen, 3.7 water and 5 per cent. of ashes. Turf coal gives about the same amount of heat as seconds, and has been tested both in Krupp's iron foundry and for domestic purposes.—Chicago Chronicle.

In Marble Time.

"John," said a Somerville mother to her three-year-old boy, "how do you ever manage to wear such big holes in the knees of your stockings?"

"I don't know, mamma," John answered thoughtfully; "maybe I do it when I say my prayers."—Somerville Journal.

AMID ARCTIC SNOWS.

How Explorer Peary Subsisted While on His Trip to the Frozen North.

Lieut. Peary, whose brilliant exploits in the far north have only been eclipsed thus far by Dr. Nansen, has imparted a few of his ideas in housekeeping in the arctic regions. Of course the mainstay of the larder is a supply of canned articles, such as preserves, jams, biscuits, vegetables, butter, tea, coffee, chocolate, cocoa and, in short, every variety of food that is capable of being preserved in a canister. Such supplies are, of course, most useful on board the ship; during sledge journeys it is, however, different. "On these," said Peary, "there must be the sternest simplicity in the matter of food. The changes which I should make in another expedition's sledge equipment would be all in the direction of cutting down the variety of food supplies. There are just four things in the way of provisions that I should take, and those are pemmican, ship's biscuit, tea and condensed milk. A fifth article would be furnished in the shape of fresh meat of any kind that we might kill on the way. On my previous journey I took a great many things that were not only useless, but worse, because they merely added weight to the sledges and thus wasted our strength unnecessarily. If a man cannot get along with pemmican and biscuit, with tea to drink, the arctic regions are no place for him. He mustn't expect the luxuries of a hotel dinner.

"Pemmican is beef mixed with a considerable quantity of suet. It is the staple arctic food, and is not at all disagreeable to the taste. It is much compressed. One pound of it is equal to four pounds of ordinary meat, so that the carrying of it reduces the sledge weight very much. One pound of it is the daily ration for a man. Of the hard ship biscuit one pound is also a day's allowance, and of tea about a quart. These rations are consumed almost always in two meals, which are all we have time to stop for on sledge journeys.

"The tea is in compressed, quarter-pound cakes, which are further marked off, somewhat like a cake of chocolate, into little divisions of a quarter-ounce each. One of these makes a pint of tea, and it is stronger than one generally drinks at home. The condensed milk is the ordinary article which you see everywhere. It freezes, of course, often perfectly solid, but that does not impair it. Tea is the only drink for sledge journeys. Coffee is not satisfactory, nor is chocolate or cocoa, which produces thirst. Lime juice I have no faith in at all, and I shall never try it again. It has always been thought necessary to counteract a tendency to scurvy, from the consumption of so much salt and fatty food. But I never had any indications of scurvy in any of my party.

"Dried vegetables have been carried by some explorers, and while they are well enough to have at the headquarters, where, as I said, there may be any variety one chooses, they are entirely superfluous while sledging. A man can get along perfectly well without vegetables; in fact, I never eat them, even at home, and there isn't much nourishment in them for arctic work. There is only one thing besides those I have mentioned which I consider good, and that is compressed pea soup. It has a great deal of nutriment in it and is especially palatable. But it can be dispensed with if reduction of weight becomes a highly important point, for the pemmican and biscuit are trustworthy stand-bys."—N. Y. Telegram.

MONKEY HAS THE MEASLES.

Ailment Peculiar to Humanity Attacks a Simian at a Paris Museum.

So far as the members of the French Academy of Medicine have been able to ascertain, Cynocephalus is the first monkey that ever had the measles. Zanzibar was his birthplace. He was brought to Madagascar where he was sold to a superior officer in the French army. As a companion for him, the officer bought another monkey, a vagabond, who had no name, and whose birthplace was unknown. The weather being cold, the pets were placed in a warm house. P——, private in the zouaves, who was serving the officer, attended to their wants, and often frolicked with them. One day P—— went to the doctor complaining of an eruption on his body. The doctor saw at once that he had measles and hurried him off to bed.

X——, another soldier, was put in charge of the officer's garden and monkeys. Four days later he noticed that Cynocephalus kept to the corner of his cage and refused to eat. The same doctor who treated the zouave was called in. An examination showed an eruption on Cynocephalus' body and all the other symptoms of measles. The same treatment was given to him as to the zouave.

The other monkey was in no wise afflicted. To begin with, it is reported, he was not so intelligent or so human as Cynocephalus, who seems to have lived up to his fine name and his place in the Zanzibar peerage, and then the two were of different tribes. "That one contracted the disease, while the other didn't," says the academicians, "is not at all remarkable, for of two persons exposed in the same way it often happens that one escapes and the other does not."—Paris Cor. N. Y. Press.

An Audience of One.

First Thespian—At our last stand the theater took fire in the middle of the third act.

Second Thespian—Was there a panic in the audience?

"Oh, no. The usher woke him up and told him it was time to go home."—Yale Record.

—Lady Charles Innes-Ker, aunt of the duke of Roxburghe, has been amusing herself by smashing the window panes of an electrician who is her neighbor and has been obliged to pay for her pleasure in the Uxbridge police court.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—Mother—"Dear me! The baby has swallowed that piece of worsted." Father—"That's nothing to the yarns she'll have to swallow if she lives to grow up."—Tit-Bits.

—At the De Styles' Dance.—"They say that it takes at least three generations to make a gentleman." "Like one of these?" "Yes, I suppose so." "Humph! It doesn't seem worth the trouble."—Truth.

—A Forecast.—Madge—"I think Jack is going to propose to me soon, mamma." Her Mother—"Why do you say that?" Madge—"He took me out to look at some tandem wheels last evening."—Philadelphia North American.

—A Better Plan.—Squildig—"What do you think of Chandler's scheme to seize armor-plate works?" McSwilligen—"I think the government ought to seize Chandler's cheek and convert it into armor plate."—Pittsburgh-Chronicle-Telegraph.

—A Master of Romance.—"Bosworth would have made a fortune as a novelist." "What makes you think so?" "I was with him the other evening when he was telling his wife why he happened to be so late in getting home."—Cleveland Leader.

—Artie—"Darling, you have no idea how anxious I was while you were coming down the rope-ladder. I was so afraid you had not fastened it securely above." Susie—"You needn'e have been alarmed, dear. Papa tied the knot for me."—Detroit Free Press.

NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

Called the Mellow Chord and Was Revealed by a Peripatetic Ghost.

In Rumford lives an old gentleman who possesses the musical instinct to a marked degree. In fact, it is hereditary with him, for his father was a fiddler and his father in turn before him, so that it is not altogether strange that he should be endowed with the same temperament. So fine is his sense of harmony and touch that he has to hear an air whistled, sung or hummed only once in order to correctly produce it on a stringed instrument. He plays purely by ear, and, as he himself frankly confesses, "does not know the first rudiment in music or one printed note from another."

A born player, he was not satisfied with the tunes of the violin, banjo or mandolin, and set his wits at work to make something that would suit him, and he succeeded in a production of his own, which he very appropriately calls the "mellow chord." Built somewhat on the lines of the banjo, yet with a flavoring of the guitar, the musical result is wonderful. Strung with violin and two wire guitar strings, the tones are as mellow and rich as anything imaginable. The inventor has entered on the eighth decade of his life, and when, with his mellow chord on his knee, he strikes into an old dance tune of the '40s it is almost impossible for his hearers to retain their seats, for the way the music wells forth is a matter to be wondered at.

The mellow chord is just 28 inches over all and 12 inches wide at the head. When played the mellow chord is held in an upright position on the left knee, with the head pressed against the body. As on a banjo, the fingering is done with the left hand, although there are no frets, the inventor holding that frets, breaking as they do the level expanse of the string board, split the notes and cause inharmonious sounds. The hole is about three inches in diameter, with an elongated side extending toward the keyboard. Over this hole the bridge is placed and the six strings passing over it are attached to the tail piece. The bridge is five and a half inches long and is made on the arch principle, although the top line is perfectly straight. It must necessarily be long, so as to bridge the hole, and underarched in the middle to support the six strings in the middle without snapping. Under each end of the bridge are two small pieces of wood glued to the main cross piece to keep it from turning over. Under these are two small pieces of silver, which give an added ring to the instrument. The string board is of rosewood with an ebony nut. The neck is made of sugar maple, the band is of maple, the top of the head is made of pine and the back is quartered red birch—in fact, all of the stock used in the mellow chord is quartered. The keys are patent metal affairs. In the head of the instrument are three supports or posts, which help take the bridge and string strain. In playing the wrist never leaves the pad support on the neck.

Musicians and others travel miles to reach Rumford in order to hear the mellow chord played, and all are unanimous in the decision that the tones it produces are far superior to those of the banjo, guitar or mandolin. It has a soft tone, which readily blends with the voice in a manner that none of the other stringed instruments named seems to do. Many who have heard the chord have tried to buy it, but the owner refuses to consider an offer.

The strings when played are struck in pairs, sending forth a deep, rich tone when picked between the bridge and the end of the string board. The nearer the hole the deeper are the tones. The inventor is proud of his instrument, and no matter what time of the day or night people wait on him they find the old gentleman always ready to take his mellow chord out of the case and play as long as his visitors wish.

The inventor is something of a spiritualist, and he says that before he made the instrument a shade appeared unto him and held a fac-simile of the one he now has up in his hand before his eyes. Of course the glance the mortal was able to get of it must have been a very hasty one, but from it the mellow chord became a reality.—Providence (R. I.) Journal.

Halibut Catches in the Pacific.

A steamer arrived in Vancouver the other day with 132,000 pounds of halibut. The same boat made a world's record by catching 110,000 pounds of halibut in a day.—Chicago Chronicle.